

enemy, it was necessary to do it in the night, and to place sentries around, lest they should be observed, or taken by surprise. Her husband having been placed as a sentinel, she came and took his place, with overcoat and gun, that he might help load the heavy artillery. Soon, however, General Washington came round to examine the outposts, and seeing something in her appearance a little unusual, said: "Who placed you *here*?" She promptly replied, in her characteristic way, "Them that had a *right* to, Sir!" He, apparently pleased with her independent and patriotic spirit, passed on.

She accompanied the army with her husband to the South, and was present at the siege of Yorktown and surrender of Cornwallis. During the battle, she was busy in carrying water to the thirsty and relieving the wants of the suffering. When passing where the bullets of the enemy were flying, she met General Washington, who said: "Young woman, are you not afraid of the bullets?" She promptly and pleasantly replied: "The bullets will never cheat the gallews." She says the General smiled, and passed on.

Such is her extraordinary energy—even in her extreme age—that she will now relate the events of those days with all the vivacity of youth. Though she receives a pension from Government for her support, she can never sit down without having some *work* in her hands. She tenaciously holds to the old practice of carding and spinning wool. She says she "is no friend to machines that save labor and *make people lazy*." At this extreme age, she takes the

wool in the fleece, cards, spins, doubles, often with three threads, and knits it. The fineness and beauty of the yarn is a wonder and admiration to all. Not a young lady can be found able to compete with her in the beauty and value of her work. Until quite recently, she has had all the ambition of youth to spin every day her "*day's work*." Not long since, in calling upon her, we found her spinning wool at a "little wheel." he is not now able to spin at the "large wheel." Without stopping her wheel, she says, pleasantly: "I must finish my *day's work*." We sat down by her side, to witness with astonishment, in the motions of that aged form, what we never expect to see in another. Having finished the roll in her hand, she arose as usual, and welcomed us. That wheel she has used sixty years, and, after having been somewhat repaired, now turns out under her hand good work. Her work has also been exhibited in the American Institute, and received very flattering notices. Her yarn and stockings are in great demand. Persons from a distance, visiting this town, do not fail to call on her for a specimen of her yarn or stockings. She sent a beautiful specimen of fine woollen stockings to the World's Fair in New York. The wool for them was taken in the fleece, and the entire work was done by herself. We also notice that, at our county fair, last month, she took the premium on linen cloth.

She still keeps up the practice of making yearly visits to her old friends in town. These visits are usually made on foot. If at a distance, she is willing